



VOL. XXIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1855.

NO. 46.

KENNEBEC COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.
REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Town Teams

There were three teams presented for our examination, of handsome, well proportioned, rugged and active cattle,—such as the eye of ox amateurs would never tire in beholding. They were from the towns of East Livermore, Fayette and Wayne.

Last year the contest between East Livermore and Fayette was so close, that it was extremely difficult for the committee to arrive at a correct conclusion, but the scales finally preponderated in favor of the latter,—still the former, nothing daunted by being vanquished last year, has returned to the field this, and we do not hesitate to say comes off conqueror. We recommend to her the society's first premium for her thirty-six pairs of oxen.

Fayette presented also thirty-six pairs heavy, well built and sprightly cattle, which we think were not quite equal to the East Livermore team, yet another year may tell a different story. We award to her the society's second premium.

Mr. Jessie Wadsworth, of East Livermore, best one year old Durham heifer, 1st premium; Mr. Leonard L. Wing, of Wayne, 2d premium.

Mr. J. H. Underwood, of Fayette, best one year old grade heifer, 1st premium; Mr. Daniel True, of Wayne, 2d premium.

Mr. Joseph Underwood, of Fayette, best grade calf, 1st premium.

Your committee would further state that there was quite a number of excellent cows on the ground, among which we would mention two owned by Mr. Jonathan Mower, Esq., of Turner. One a full blood Durham, which is second to none that we saw. The other a grade cow, which appeared first rate. We would therefore recommend a gratuity on these two cows. BRADSBURY SYLVESTER, per order.

exciting. We would recommend for the consideration of the Society another set of premiums for the 4 years old oxen. You cannot fail to see that when oxen draw on two loads, of different weight, it is hard for a committee to judge of their strength. To obviate this difficulty, we recommend two sets of premiums in future.

S. N. WATSON, per order.

On Cows, Heifers and Heifer Calves.

Best Durham cow, Mayflower, owned by Mr. Jessie Wadsworth, of East Livermore, 1st premium; Durham cow Stella, owned by the same, 2d premium.

Mr. Daniel True, of Wayne, best grade cow, 1st premium; Mr. Charles Gott, of Wayne, 2d premium.

Mr. Leonard L. Wing, of Wayne, best Native cow, 1st premium; Wellington Hunton, Esq., of Wayne, 2d premium.

Mr. John Kezer, of East Winthrop, best two years old grade heifer, 1st premium; Mr. Leonard L. Wing, of Wayne, 2d premium.

Mr. Jesse Wadsworth, of East Livermore, best one year old Durham heifer, 1st premium.

Mr. J. H. Underwood, of Fayette, best one year old grade heifer, 1st premium; Mr. Daniel True, of Wayne, 2d premium.

Mr. Joseph Underwood, of Fayette, best grade calf, 1st premium.

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On Horses.

The whole number of stock horses, mares and colts entered for premium, from one year old and upwards, was sixty-five, all of which were carefully examined as much as time would allow, and 13 selected as follows—those in our judgment, entitled to premiums:

J. M. Fifield, Mt. Vernon, best Stallion, 1st premium, \$5,00; Aaron Cogswell, Mt. Vernon, 2d do., 4,00.

On Matched Horses. Wm. W. Thompson, Wayne, one pair matched carriage horses, 1st premium, \$4,00.

On Farm and Carriage Horses. J. N. Fogg, Fayette, best farm or work horses, 1st premium, \$4,00; Lewis H. Blake, Mt. Vernon, best carriage horse, 2d do., 3,00.

On Breeding Mares and Foals. Samuel Tock, Fayette, best mare and foal, 1st premium, \$3,00; N. T. Robinson, Mt. Vernon, 2d do., 2,00.

On three years old Colts. L. O. Leadbetter, Wayne, best three years old gelding, 1st premium, \$3,00; H. S. Nickerson, No. Wayne, 2d do., 2,00.

On two years old Colts. Thomas Weeks, Wayne, best two years old colt, 1st premium, \$2,00; Wm. S. Foss, Wayne, 2d do., 1,00.

On year old Colts. J. P. Russell, Fayette, best year old colt, 1st premium, \$1,50; T. Wayne, Wayne, 2d do., 1,00.

In conclusion, your committee would urge the importance of having this department well filled. It adds much to the interest of the show. We have the material,—let it be brought forward, and our shows will not suffer in comparison with the State.

G. W. HUNTON, per order.

On Working Oxen.

In this department of the show, old Kennebec has beaten herself and the State. The number of entries exceeded those of any previous year, and the competition was beyond anything we have before witnessed. It is not to be expected that taken green from field or pasture, in high flesh, unaccustomed to daily toil and training, would be so good discipline as those which are accustomed to the yoke daily, and fed and trained for the draught. Neither can we expect oxen or men, not accustomed to such labor, to do it well, as to they would at home, on their own soil.

There is a certain feeling of excitement or nervousness that creeps upon almost every man and ox, at such times, which makes him appear unlike himself. We do not mean to say that all oxen or men are affected alike. Some will appear better, and others the reverse. We have to judge of them as exhibited to us, and if we have failed to do justice to the competitors, it is because we have erred in judgment. Your committee award the society's first premium of two dollars to W. M. Ladd for his full blood Suffolk boar. We also award Mr. Ladd the first premium for beehive sow; and to Wm. Morrison. For best six pigs of one litter we award the first premium to John Kezer; the second do., to Wm. Morrison. Mr. Ladd would have taken the first premium on pigs, if the sow had not laid on one and killed it,—we therefore recommend a gratuity to Mr. Ladd, if the funds of the society will warrant it. There was another boar on the ground that some what was kept seventy days, it was not the least affected with moist or taint, the charcoals keeping it sweet."

MACHINERY IN FARMING.

It is not enough that farmers avail themselves of all the advantages which chemistry affords in its application to their art: it is not enough that they learn how to save as much as possible of the manures made on their premises, and the best method of applying these, and also purchase specific manures; it is not enough that they know at what seasons and at what depths their soils should be cultivated. They must perform as many of the operations of farming by machinery, as machinery can be made to perform to advantage.

There is no other way in which agriculture can keep pace in respectability, pleasure and profit, with the other arts. Without this expedient, it will be ostracized by them and sink into comparative rank. By machinery, as we use the word here, we mean all the mechanical contrivances which can be substituted for manual labor and combined with mechanical labor so as to increase its productiveness. And the policy which we recommend includes also animal labor as a substitute for human labor, and as a powerful co-operator with it.

We had more hesitation on the other premiums, but decided to give the 2d premium, \$4,00, to Elisha Pettigill, East Livermore, yoke 6 yrs. old, girth 7 ft. 4 in.; 3d premium, \$3,00, to Palmer, Readfield, yoke 6 yrs. old, girth 7 ft. 6 in. This pair drew first, in order to test the situation of the ground, so that we might be able to make all due allowance. We called them again, when the others had done, and they drew at first.

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The drawing match is increasing in interest and attention. No part of the exhibition is so

PREPARING POULTRY FOR MARKET.

The following article in this important subject will constitute a Chapter in the forthcoming new and improved edition of the "American Poultry's Companion," by C. N. Bement, to be published by Harper & Brothers, of New York:

If you wish to prepare your poultry in the neatest manner for the market, so that it will invariably secure the best price, observe the following rules, viz:

First, fat them well, and allow them to remain in the pens twenty-four hours without food, previous to being killed. Then, when you kill them, instead of wringing their necks, cut their heads off at a single blow with a sharp axe or hatchet, hang them up by their legs and allow them to bleed, and pick them immediately—picking off their wing feathers, as well as the others, while warm. Some, however, prefer to run a small penknife into the jugular vein by the side of the neck, just under the jowl. In this case let the heads remain on; pick them as above mentioned; in picking, great care should be taken not to tear the skin; the wings should not be cut off, but picked to the end. If the head should be cut off, the skin of the neck should be neatly tied over the end. Most people like to see the heads of fowls left on—it makes a better show. The heads of ducks and geese should be cut off. No cut should be made in the breast, all the offal should be taken behind, and the opening should be made as small as possible.

Some persons send them to market with their intestines in. This, to say the least, is a dirty, slovenly practice, doing great injury to the flesh, as it partakes of the flavor of the excretions which suffered long to remain undressed, and is otherwise impaired from the stagnant blood.

After removing the intestines, wipe out the blood with a dry cloth, but no water should be used to cleanse them. With a moist cloth take off the blood that may be found upon the carcass, and hang them up in a cool, dry room, until ready to carry to market, or otherwise to be used. Do not remove the gizzard from its place, but if the fowl is very fat, make a larger hole, turn the leaves out, and fasten them with a small skewer. When prepared in this way, your poultry will be much nicer, and entitled to better price than when butchered and dressed in the ordinary way.

We have often noticed the careless, slovenly manner, and little attention paid to the external appearance of poultry offered for sale in our markets; and we have also noticed the rapid sale and higher price where due regard was paid to the skin all sound, and clean; and the breast not mutilated by a long cut, the shrinking skin exposing the drying meat covered with hay-seed or chaff, but well covered all over with fat, of a rich golden yellow. Much of the poultry offered for sale has been through the process of scalding to facilitate picking; this practice should never be resorted to. It turns the rich yellow of the fat into a tallowy hue, and often causes the skin to split, so that it peels off, unless carefully handled.

In conclusion, your committee would urge the importance of having this department well filled. It adds much to the interest of the show. We have the material,—let it be brought forward, and our shows will not suffer in comparison with the State.

G. W. HUNTON, per order.

On Sheep and Swine.

There was no Merino or Saxony buck entered, that in the opinion of your committee was deserving of the first premium. Your second premium, we award to Squines Bishop. For best buck of any other breed, we award the society's premium to Richard Berry; for best ewes, ten or more, we award the society's first premium to Daniel True, and second do., to Daniel Craig. Your committee award the society's first premium of two dollars to W. M. Ladd for his full blood Suffolk boar. We also award Mr. Ladd the first premium for beehive sow; and to Wm. Morrison. For best six pigs of one litter we award the first premium to John Kezer; the second do., to Wm. Morrison. Mr. Ladd would have taken the first premium on pigs, if the sow had not laid on one and killed it,—we therefore recommend a gratuity to Mr. Ladd, if the funds of the society will warrant it. There was another boar on the ground that some what was kept seventy days, it was not the least affected with moist or taint, the charcoals keeping it sweet."

ON SHEEP & POULTRY.

To preserve poultry in winter," said the late Judge Buel, "about the 15th of November I purchased a quantity of poultry for winter use. The inside were carefully drawn, their places partially filled with charcoal, and the poultry hung in an airy loft. It was used through the winter, till about the first of February, and some what was kept seventy days, it was not the least affected with moist or taint, the charcoals keeping it sweet."

WIND SUCKING.

This detestable habit in horses may be cured, say contributors to the Ohio Cultivator, by the following process:

Wind sucking is a habit, (like chewing tobacco,) much easier acquired than forgotten. It can only be practiced, however, under unfavorable circumstances—that is, when there is some object on which the horse can rest his teeth, located about as high as his breast—such as a common manger, for instance. The best remedy, therefore, is to place the feeding trough as low as the ground or floor of the stable, and the hay-rack as high as the horse can reach; and see that there is no object of an intermediate height for him to rest his teeth upon to suck wind. Care must also be taken when out of the stable, he is not allowed to stand near a fence or stump, or any object of convenient height for practicing this habit. In the course of a few months, say five or six, he will forget the trick.

GATEH.

Another Remedy. Tie a cord around the neck of the horse sufficiently tight to prevent him from enlarging the throat, as is done in wind sucking, but not so tight as to obstruct breathing or swallowing. A tight halter, with throat strap, will answer this purpose. It will need to be worn two or three months.

This remedy is easy, and I have found it quite effective.

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AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6, 1855.

EXHIBITION OF THE U. S. AG. SOCIETY.

We conclude, this week, our account of the recent Show and Fair of the United States Agricultural Society, in Boston. We have compiled this summary from the reports in the Boston Journal, to the publishers of which we are indebted for a copy of their "Extra," containing full reports of the whole Exhibition, the speeches at the Banquet, &c. &c.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26. Fourth Day. The day opened fair, and the grounds began to fill with spectators at an early hour.

At 9 o'clock, the working oxen were marshaled in line, opposite their quarters, for examination by the committee. They made a fine display. During this examination, the matched carriage horses and stallions were displaying their various movements and paces, in the northern section of the enclosure, much to the admiration of the spectators.

At 10 o'clock, a grand cavalcade came up onto the race course. The Journal says:-

"This was a magnificent and imposing spectacle. First came the marshals, in their grey uniforms, then the brood mares and their colts, followed by the young stallions led by their grooms; next came horses of all work, harnesses, and carriages, in pairs, for carts, for kites, buggies and chaises; then followed the matched horses, forty-eight in number, with coaches and fine carriages, in which were seated gentlemen and ladies; after these came the trotters, followed by a splendid dray team consisting of four large and noble bay horses attached to a large wagon. The whole number of horses was one hundred and seventy-seven.

It is no easy task to portray the scene at this hour, as viewed from the upper balcony of the 'Globe' stage. The movement of the cavalcade completely filled the entire width of the length—the immense crowd which lined the course and filled the seats, variegated by the many colored silks and shawls of the ladies living tide of humanity pouring in at the gates, and across Blackstone square, where it the sunlight the bright fountain glistened, the heavily laden trains steaming across the railroads in sight, were bringing other thousand to the scene—the waving banners—the white tents—the ring of cattle still marshaled beside the track—the cheering strains of 'Yankee Doodle' swelling up from the Brigade Band—and the bright sun shining upon all, rendered it a scene of surpassing beauty—one long to be remembered by the beholder."

The drawing match, for working oxen, came next at 11 o'clock. A cart was provided loaded with 6100 lbs. weight, which the oxen were attached to, and required to draw forward several rods, and also to back to its original position. Some of them performed the task with great ease, others indifferently, and some not at all. The trial was of especial interest to the farmers present.

Next came a grand trial of speed, on the part of the fancy matched horses. There were five matches, and the best time was made in the first match by a pair of black Morgans, owned by John Wright, of Waterloo, N. Y., which made the mile in 3.08. The defeated pair in this match, owned by John Randall, of Boston, afterwards took the lead in the fifth match, coming home in 3.14. The trotting in all the matches was excellent.

Mr. Cords, of Long Meadow, Mass., next exhibited his beautiful four horse team and brougham, driving the mile in 3.30. It was a fine team.

At 1 o'clock came the trial of draft horses. This exhibition is well spoken of. The horses appeared well, and performed their allotted task with ease.

After this, took place the great feature of the day, the Banquet. This was held in the main tent of John Wright, erected on the grounds. The reporter says:-

"The procession was formed at the President's tent a few moments before two, and marched to the big tent, passing as they entered beneath an arch inscribed 'SUCCESS TO AGRICULTURE.' The tables were spread for over two thousand people, and every plate was occupied, and others who desired to enter could not find room. The scene in the pavilion was one of great beauty. On the south side, opposite the centre, was the President's seat, elevated above the others, and the centre of a table of circular form, which extended the length of the pavilion. The other tables were stretched across the tent, which were abundantly loaded with a repast provided by Mr. Wright."

From the centre of the tables arose gas fixtures of various forms, to light when the shades of night should gather. In rear of the President's chair the stars and stripes were gracefully gathered in folds, while high above, spread out in all their amplitude, were the national flags of England, Turkey and other nations. When the company had been seated, the spectacle was impressive and brilliant. The vast audience of ladies and gentlemen— their smiling, happy countenances—the distinguished guests, renowned in the pulpit, at the bar, in the halls of legislation, and in the various walks of life—the respected President of the Society, through whose exertions more than any other person, the Society received its existence, its continuance to the present, and its success in its third century—was all combined to render it one of the noblest spectacles ever beheld in the country."

Following the repast, speeches were made by the President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder; Gov. Gardner; Mayor Smith; Gov. Hopper, of Rhode Island; Mr. Daniel Landreth, President of the Pennsylvania Society for the promotion of Agriculture; the editor of the Philadelphia North American; Hon. John C. Gray, President of the Massachusetts State Ag. Society; Hon. Robert C. Thompson; Hon. Edward Everett; Col. Thompson; President of the Board of Agriculture of Canada West; and Hon. John A. King, ex-President of the New York State Ag. Society. The speeches were all pertinent and appropriate to the occasion. Among the sentiments proposed we note the following:-

MACHETES. Her first were her best Farmers: they planted the Tree of Liberty, beneath whose grateful shade their children now repose in peace and prosperity.

The City of Boston. We rejoice in her purity, and share in the pride awakened by the contemplation of her history. Her government and her people must be good farmers, for they needs more soil than any town in the Commonwealth.

The Philadelphian Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. The oldest organization for the advancement of the cause—the parent of all similar institutions in our Country. Her children and her children's children rise up and call her blessed.

Pennsylvanians, South Carolina and Massachusetts. The pioneers in the great cause of American Agricultural improvement with Washington as its especial patron—may common memories in the past, and common hopes for the future, ever bind them together in the same glorious brotherhood.

The list of awards was then read. Among them were the following to citizens of Maine:

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

First premium on working oxen, \$100, to J. M. Drinkwater, Cumberland; third premium on same, \$25, to Oliver Newman, Carthage. Gratuity of \$15, to Addison G. Cole, Buckfield. Diploma to Larned Swallow, Buckfield.

First premium on steers, \$50, to D. W. Hayes, of Readfield; 3d premium, \$15, to A. G. Cole, Readfield.

This closed the exercises of the day, and the company then retired from the ground. It is estimated that the number of visitors through the day was between forty and fifty thousand.

During the Banquet, a number of scrub races came off on the course. Some of the horses made excellent time, and afforded the crowd much amusement.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27.—Fifth Day. The last day of this great Exhibition opened most favorably. The visitors began to pour in at an early hour. Washington street presented two continuous lines of omnibuses, one up town, and the other down town, those running to the exhibition grounds being loaded to their utmost capacity.

Some good trotting was shown, in several scrub races, but the time was not noted.

At 10.30 A. M., a grand trot, for prizes of \$300 and \$150, came off between the celebrated horses "Columbus," "Stockbridge Chief," "North Horse," and "Ethan Allen." The first heat was won, with ease, in 2.34 by "Ethan Allen," "Columbus" coming in about ten lengths behind. The second heat, also, was won by "Ethan Allen" in 2.37, "Columbus" being about the same distance in the rear as before. The horses made a fine appearance. The first premium was awarded to "Ethan Allen," and the second to "Columbus."

At 12 o'clock was a grand trial of speed, for prizes of \$200 and \$100. Three horses were entered, and the race was won by "Romeo," who led the two heats in 2.58. "White Mountain Morgan" was second best.

A volunteer match between the horses "Old Morrell" and "Young Morrell" came off next, the young horse winning easily in 2.42.

Next was a trial of speed, for a premium of \$50, horses to saddle, mile heats, best three in five, the competitors being the horses "Young Ripon" and "Young America." The former won the race easily, making the first heat in 2.39.

The dinner of the Society followed. Before the company left the table, Mr. Albert G. Tenney, editor of the Bath Tribune, paid the President of the Society a very handsome compliment, in behalf of the members of the press present, to which Mr. Wilder made an appropriate response.

The grand trial of speed, free to all trotting horses, best three in five, for premiums of \$300 and \$100, came off immediately after dinner. Three horses were entered, but only two contested the prize, "Lady Litchfield" and "Chicago Jack." The former won the 2d, 4th and 5th heats, in 2.37, 2.36 and 2.38; and the latter won the 1st and 2d heats in 2.34 and 2.35.

On account of the "Lady" breaking, and thus gaining unfair advantage, the judges awarded her the second premium, and "Chicago Jack" the first.

Between the heats the vast audience were entertained with amusements of various kinds. The horse "Bob Logic," of Montreal ran a half mile in 56 seconds.

Master Albert Golder, of Waterville, gave the crowd a splendid specimen of horseback riding. He rode a pretty little sorrel mare, doing the mile in 2.50.

After a few scrub races, of particular interest, at about sundown, the gates were opened and the audience retired, and the noblest and most successful exhibition ever held in Boston—on the United States Agricultural Society—was done.

The trial was of especial interest to the farmers present.

Next came a grand trial of speed, on the part of the fancy matched horses. There were five matches, and the best time was made in the first match by a pair of black Morgans, owned by John Wright, of Waterloo, N. Y., which made the mile in 3.08. The defeated pair in this match, owned by John Randall, of Boston, afterwards took the lead in the fifth match, coming home in 3.14. The trotting in all the matches was excellent.

At 1 o'clock came the trial of draft horses. This exhibition is well spoken of. The horses appeared well, and performed their allotted task with ease.

After this, took place the great feature of the day, the Banquet. This was held in the main tent of John Wright, erected on the grounds. The reporter says:-

"The numbers in attendance during the several days of the exhibition could not have been less than from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five thousand. In all that vast concourse of people, though constantly on the ground, we did not see a disorderly act of any individual. We saw during the day, the three persons drunk. Every one seemed to be happy, and desirous of making his neighbor happy also."

The receipts of the Society from all sources were from \$32,000 to \$35,000. This will undoubtedly pay all the premiums awarded by the committees, all the expenses, which must be very heavy, as every one will conceive who has seen the magnitude and beauty of the arrangements; and we hope will leave a good sum as the nucleus of a permanent fund for the promotion of the objects of the Society."

THE STUDIO. This little work forms No. 12 of the series of books known as "Harper's Story Books," and we think it is the most useful one, in a practical view, yet issued. Its object is to give the young reader some insight into the theory and practice of drawing, and the directions given for proceeding, cannot fail to be of great advantage. The engravings, which it is intended the pupil shall copy, are excellent, and well chosen to draw from. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y., at \$3 per annum.

A CIPHER SHORT. If any one wishes to know how many difference one cipher will make, we refer him to our report of the United States Agricultural Exhibition, in our last paper, where, in the eighth paragraph from the bottom of the first column we make it read that J. M. Drinkwater, of Cumberland, exhibited a pair of oxen, six years old, weighing 420 lbs., and A. G. Cole, of Buckfield, a pair, six years old weighing 400 lbs. If our readers will add one cipher in each of these cases, they will transform what they may have considered rather dwarfish cattle, into noble oxen, and oblige the junior Editor.

On reference to another column it will be seen that these yokes of cattle took the first, a premium, the other a gratuity.

LARGE YIELD. Mr. Geo. B. Graves, of No. 2, Range 2, west of the Kennebec, writes us that at the fair at Madison Bridge, in Oct., 1854, he bought a potato, for which he paid 61cts., and carrying it home neglected to put it in the cellar until it had been bitten by the frost, so as to spoil about one-third of it. The remainder he planted last spring, there being enough for three hills. On the 22d of Oct., 1855, he dug them and found the yield was 51 potatoes—the smallest large enough for table use, and the largest weighing one pound, 2 oz., and the whole weight was 27 lbs.

FREIGHT CAR BURNED. On Thursday evening last, a freight car belonging to the K. & P. R., and standing on the turn-out at Gardiner, was set on fire by the spontaneous combustion of the oily waste with which it was loaded, and the upper part of the car entirely destroyed. The loss was about \$300.

HORSE LOST. We call the attention of our readers to an advertisement under the above heading, which appears in this week's paper. The animal was a valuable one, and any information concerning him would be well paid for.

NEW PATENTS. During the week ending Oct. 30th, the following patents were issued to residents of New England:-

"Improvement in machinery for braiding Liveras Hall, Charlottetown, Mass.

Improvement in lamps for burning volatile liquids—E. N. Horsford, Cambridge, Mass., and James R. Nicholas of Haverhill, Mass.

Machine for cutting double tenons—C. P. S. Wardwell, Lake Village, N. H.

Improved burglar's alarm—Daniel E. Eaton, Boston, Mass., assignor to himself and Perley Eaton, same place.

MASSACHUSETTS. At a meeting of the newly elected Board of Directors for this road, Hon. Reuel Williams was chosen President.

The list of awards was then read. Among them were the following to citizens of Maine:

LIQUOR TROUBLES IN BANGOR.

HOUSES OF THE POLICE SEARCHED. The Bangor Mercury of the 29th contains the following article:-

"Unpleasant rumors had come to our ears since, relating to a branch of official duty in the custody of the liquors seized under various warrants, and stored under the City Hall. Upon inquiry we find two cases, one of two kegs seized of John McCann, the other of 31 gallons seized of Stephen Cony, in which the liquors have disappeared from their places of custody, and fallen into the hands of their claimants. In the former case, it is said that Marshal Weaver received \$10 of McCann's money, and in the other \$30 of Cony—which he suggests was the best that could be done in the matter, the barrels being defective, as his money might be applied to meeting the expense the police had been to, in seizing the liquor."

Mr. Bowles, the proprietor, loses heavily, but we are unable to ascertain the amount. The building was owned by Capt. John Patten, but whether insured or not we are unable to learn.

The Sagadahock House was in imminent danger, as also the buildings to the north of it, including Messrs. Lambard & Co.'s foundry, and the Hatch House, Stearns' Periodical Depot, on the south, and in all, twenty buildings and property on "the point." Fortunately there was no wind, else the destruction of property must have been very great.

(Bath Tribune, Nov. 2.)

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN BATH.

For the first time, for many months, our citizens were called out last evening at the cry of fire. It was found to proceed from the Sagadahock stable, which was entirely consumed, together with the stock of feed, &c., on hand. So rapid was the spread of the flames, that no effort of the citizens and our valiant firemen could do anything to save the building. The horses, carriage, harnesses, &c., were saved, but the stable and all articles of furniture, &c., were totally destroyed.

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DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

Leonard's Express reports that at about half past nine o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in the five story stone Cotton Factory, situated in the village of Cordaville, Southboro', owned by M. H. Sanford & Co., and employing a large number of operatives. The fire commenced in the centre of the building and spread with great rapidity, that the operatives save themselves from the obesity hanging over the master, must rest with more or less severity upon all. It has seemed, therefore, to me, desirable that a careful and close examination should be instituted, embracing the whole department, and all the matters of difficulty. This is demanded, like for the protection of the public, who may have directed the fire, and with fidelity, to secure, if possible, the guilty, and to secure the public interests. I would therefore advise that a Committee of investigation be appointed, consisting of two from the Board of Aldermen and three from the Common Council, with instructions to investigate all matters connected with the subject, in such manner as they may deem best, and report thereon as early as possible to the City Council.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

We add to our list, this week, the States of New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York, all of which observe the 29th inst., as Thanksgiving Day, and Illinois whose Governor has appointed the 22d inst.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN

The Muse.

"MY ANGEL LOVE."

Mr. Willis thus introduces an unpublished poem of the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson, in his last letter from Edwulf to the Home Journal:

"There is a poem written by one of our foster children of genius, of which I am reminded by this question of angels aid to our mortal imperfections of reach. I am not sure that it has ever been published. Fanny Forrester wrote it, and it had been among my manuscripts till I have learned its inspired harmonies by heart. Even if it be found elsewhere in print, however, it will not be surprising to read, for a change, a bit of the old fashioned—what has in it both meaning and music. The widow heart of the gifted one—with her apostle husband just gone before her to heaven—thus exquisitely tells the story of their earthly love and its still lingering hold of him."

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth,
A wistful maze to see,
Crossed o'er with many a tangled clew,
And wild as could be!

As I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood—
Among the sons of men—

By his deep spirit-loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the perl-hanched wild
From out my place of rest,

I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue lily lay;
The clustering starlight lay;

And easterly I saw appeared
The purple gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.

Strange old dim thought could not divine
Twas lifted but it flew!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are lone;

And thither, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet mark my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,

And over through the rifted clouds,

Shines out one steady star—

For when my guide went up, he left

The purpling gates ajar.

In those last two unprinted lines—lines in the golden cadence of which lay the lark-song of her own then dawning morning in heaven—Emily Judson has expressed the faith for which the imaginative world is now so seriously contending—spirit-revived across the grave. I should be reluctant indeed to relinquish my own hold, instinctive rather than philosophical though it be, of faith so precious."

The Story-Teller.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

KATE'S CHOICE.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER II.

At the end of two years, an opportunity offered of a visit to England, and Kate did not find it necessary to deny herself the pleasure of seeing her old friends. One Christmas evening, a fly drove up the avenue leading to Crawford House, and a strange lady descended.

"Mrs. Crawford is at home, I suppose?" said Kate.

"No, ma'am, but master is," replied the man. Kate, in some surprise, was ushered across the wide hall into a room at the further end—a sort of study, small and cheerful, in which Mr. Crawford sat reading. The opening door roused him, and saved Kate the embarrassment of announcing herself. "Kate! it is you!" My dear sister." The greeting was as warm as she desired.

"Then I am not unexpected," said Kate, with a measured smile.

"No, certainly. But Ellen had an engagement—she always has plenty—and we were not sure of the exact day. How glad I am to see you!" His cordial manner gave Kate a warm feeling about the heart; her momentary embarrassment vanished; she threw off her shawl, and sat down before the fire, to be made comfortable, and waited upon with all a brother's kindness. Kate had so much to ask—her mother, Ellen, and the baby!"

"Oh! he's not much of a baby now, you know; a fine strapping fellow, of a year old and more, asleep in the nursery, and not visible at present. Mrs. Aschcombe and Ellen are well, and as gay as ever. As for me, my butterfly-days are over. I'm an old fatherly man now, and prefer sitting over my fire to gallanting at balls and parties."

He spoke guilefully, but there was a tone beneath Kate did not like; he spoke of his boy with a bright and open look, but something crossed it when named his wife and Mrs. Aschcombe, why did he not call her mother? She glanced at him—there was a shade on the clear, manly face; that wrinkle rising up just now between the eyes—that half-sneer about the handsome lips—she did not remember these. She was glad that, as they talked on, the unpleasant indications vanished, and the old frank smile came back. When she was talking of her German affairs and her governess-life, he sat back in his chair, and looked at her with an expression of unusual pleasure. Perhaps Kate's lively energetic way, the mirthfulness of her brave independent spirit, struck him as a delightful change from the peevish inanity he listened to every day. Then she was so warm and natural—Crawford felt himself awakened from a sort of slumber while he listened to her; activities that had fallen dormant began to stir; his eye caught the returning light, and he almost started at the sound of his old hearty laugh. They sat late; but sitting up for the absentees was out of the question, Crawford said; so he bade Kate go and rest, with a reluctant pressure of her hand, and a glance into her eyes which did not need the words: "Truant, how well you look! never say again you are not handsome. Kate, you are something better—dearer!" Words which would not have come quite so warmly but for the unmasking influence of that long pleasant evening chat. Kate walked up the oak-paneled stairs into a spacious and well-arranged chamber, where, delightful English sight! a ruddy fire was cheerfully blazing, throwing up the crimson of the heavy curtained bed and of the deep bay window. "Thanks to mine host, no doubt," thought Kate, as she threw herself on the rug before it. There was a warm response within her to the cordial brotherly welcome he had given her; but something of wonder and regret mingled with it, and she fell into a fit of vague musing, until sleep at last put an end to her cogitations.

Kate's first visit in the morning was to the nursery. Children are not gracious to strangers, and it was some time before the little shy boy could be lured from behind his nurse's apron. She had made but very little progress towards

acquaintance, when Mr. Crawford came in to pay his morning visit. The boy darted to his father's arms, as to a well known play place, and Kate watched him toss above his father's head, shouting with delight, with no little interest. She thought Crawford looked well at that moment, with a nobler expression in his face than she had yet seen; she trusted that the elements of domestic happiness, he seemed to possess so largely in his nature, were not to be suffered to be undeveloped.

"What a terrible noise you two make!" was said as a morning-greeting behind her. She turned round to embrace Ellen. Wrapped in a pale blue cashmere, Mrs. Crawford looked thin and pale. She assured Kate that she must take it as a great stretch of regard for her, that she had risen so early after being out so late; Crawford remarking in a parenthesis, that noon was Ellen's usual hour for appearing. Kate prevented a displeased rejoinder by drawing Ellen away.

Ellen was not greatly surprised when Kate informed her, next morning, that she must end her visit sooner than she had intended; she received her farewell with customary listlessness, only remarking they should be dull without her. Nor did Kate go without venturing an earnest remonstrance upon her frivolous life, entreating her not to fling away her husband's affection. It was a difficult duty, and the suggestion was not received very graciously; but she led little Alfred to his mother, with tears on his rosy cheeks, saying: "Will you notice your own boy more, and stay at home more with him? Don't let his pa be the only one to care for him." Mrs. Crawford was half disposed to be angry, but the soft boyish face looking up to Kate, touched her a little; and Kate left them together, trusting that the child's influence might work.

She found the carriage awaiting her, and Mr. Crawford standing beside it. Kate held out her hand; he pressed it gravely and sadly. After all, her heart was full of pity for him. She glanced at the handsome house, with all its English accessories of comfort and pleasure, and sighed. What had it to compare with the peace and content of the little German circle? Every mile that distanced her from Crawford House revived affectionate and cheerful anticipation of her governess life. So far from regretting her choice, she rejoiced over it—she even longed to recommence its happy usefulness; but there was one delay necessary—one visit must first be paid. It was getting dusk when she reached town, but she did not wish to lose another day; she would just be able to get to Hampstead by Mr. Dalton's ten-hour, and though weary, she exchanged with alacrity for omnibus. The pure fresh breeze upon the health revivified and invigorated her; she could not refuse herself a turn or two on the main road before entering Mr. Dalton's house. A comely matronly woman admitted her; she had the pleasure of hearing that he was in town but not yet returned from the city; so she had time to lay aside bonnet and shawl, and settle herself in the handsome parlor. The brilliant fire lighting up the crimson paper, the substantial furniture, the sparkling tea-equipage, all united to form another English picture. But Kate sat rather erect, with an air that seemed to resist any other idea than: "I am Minnie Topfer's governess."

This speech seemed unworthy of an answer, and the entrance of Mrs. Aschcombe prevented one. Kate thought her mother looked faded and much older, and after the first greeting, there was little more affection than there used to be in her manner. Satisfy after excitement, a restless weariness of tone and pursuit, marked all they said to her. Kate's lively accounts of her German home, created, she perceived, only a temporary diversion; it was so beyond the pale of their sympathies, that they grew weary before she did. In the evening Kate had fresh proofs of the disparity of mind and character between man and wife. Ellen did not even try to please; she had been too long accustomed to be pleased, to submit to a reversed position. But she had not even the power. Listless and apathetic at home, her whole interest was abroad, where she might gratify, though a mean diminishing every day her thirst for admiration—the one passion of the spoilt beauty. But it was her beauty Crawford had marred.

"I came from there," said Kate; "but I thought you would allow an old friend to come and thank you before she goes back."

"Come from Crawford House to-day! Why, you must be tired, child. Sit down, and let me wash you some tea."

"No, let me make it, Mr. Dalton; it will be old times." So Kate installed herself, while Mr. Dalton lighted the lamp, and then sat down with an air of great content, to receive his cup from her hands. She had the pleasant art of making people feel particularly at home in her society, and it was only to be supposed that she and Mr. Dalton would enjoy the English meal thoroughly. Kate thought it was a different favor, and she could not help it that their tastes were so much in harmony, that to each the chosen author was a dearly-loved friend; that their criticisms so animated and eloquent; that Crawford's eyes brightened, and his fluent tongue seemed loosened; she could not help it at first—the danger had to grow a little before she noted it.

It was not until sitting thus one evening after Kate had been reading some of Schiller's poems, and had then been led to talk of Germany and her dear little pupil Minnie Topfer, that Crawford bent toward her with a start at some allusion to her return.

"You cannot really mean to leave us, Kate!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on hers. "For the sake of these delightful evenings, for the sake of all of us, don't think of going back to that dear Germany, that odious Cologne!" Kate looked up to see if we were quite in earnest. He went on rapidly: "The truth is I'm a different being since you came, Kate. I was asleep, I think. When people don't like to think about things, they go to sleep; their whole nature sinks into a stupid apathy. You have aroused me—the better part of me, I mean—given me keener perceptions, fresher and more natural tastes and pleasures; now do not throw me back again. Flirt won't strike without contact. Kate and I—why, she has not given me up to your sisterly interest!" He was silent, but his eyes gleamed with a desire to speak again.

"I suppose men like woman to be weak—most the most reasonable of men," said Kate, sadly. She felt wounded. She knew what lay within her heart; she knew more than one struggle; and just because she had conquered, she was to be supposed desolute of those sober feelings which perhaps were not half so keen in those who weakly yielded to them. She felt that man was a harsh judge of woman; but Mr. Dalton!—she had understood her a little.

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AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Sabbath Reading.

THE AUTUMNAL GUEST.

The crown from the forehead of summer
Had dropped, the dim woodlands were sore,
When there entered our home a strange comber,
Afar from the kingdom of fear.

"Then if you did, I do heartily despise the
weakness!" said Kate, jumping up.

"Only one word before your offended majesty
withdraws;" and Mr. Dalton took both her hands.

"Kate, with all seriousness, I am grieved if
I have vexed you. So far as to tell me whether,
if such an offer were to be made to you to-night,
you would yield to your weakness, or be stern in
your independence!"

"Then I do, I do heartily despise the
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